In Recital

Gillian Brinston, soprano

assisted by
Roger Admiral, piano

Monday, April 16, 2001 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Ridente la Calma, K.152
Abendempfindun, K.523
An Chloë, K.524

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Lied Maritime
Madrigal

Vincent d'Indy
(1851-1931)

Selections from **Tonadillas**
1. La Maja de Goya
2. La Maja Dolorosa
4. La Maja Dolorosa
3. El Tralala y el punteado

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Trevor Sanders, Guitar

Intermission

Westering Home
The Turtle Dove
The Gartan Mother's Lullaby
From the County Donegal

Hugh S. Roberton
arr Ralph Vaughan Williams
arr Herbert Hughes

A Green Lowland of Pianos Op. 45
No. 1 Now I have fed and Eaten up the Rose
No. 2 A Green Lowland of Pianos
No. 3 O Boundless, Boundless Evening

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Der Weiberorden
Arie
Rezitativ
Wiegenlied
Ritornell
Rezitativ
Arie

Georg Philipp Telemann
(1681-1767)

Kim Bertsch, violin
Ken Heise, violin
Mark Moran, violoncello

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Brinston.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Ridente La Calma/Calm, Smiling, Awakens
Calm, smiling awakens in my soul;
No trace of disdain, of fear, remains.
Meanwhile, my love, you come to tauten
Those sweet bonds so dear to my heart.
Anonymous

Abendempfindung/Evening Thoughts
Evening. The sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds a silver gleam;
Thus flit life's finest hours,
Flit by as in a dance.

Away soon will flit life's pageant,
And the curtain come rolling down;
Our play is done, the friend's
Tear falls already on our grave.

Soon maybe(like the westwind, wafts
Open me a quiet presentiment),
This pilgrimage of life I shall end,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep by my grave,
And mourning, upon my ashes gaze,
Then, O friends, shall I appear
And waft heavenwards.

And you, my love, bestow on me a tear,
And pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look down then gently on me.

Consecrate a tear to me, and ah, be
Only not ashamed to do so;
Oh, in my diadem will it
Then be the fairest of the pearls.
Joachim Heinrich Campe

An Cloë/To Chloë
When love gazes from you blue,
Bright, open eyes,
And with joy of gazing into them
My heart throbs and glows;
When I hold you and kiss
Ardently your rosy cheeks,
Dear maiden, and clasp
You trembling in my arms,

An Cloë/To Chloë (cont'd.)
Maiden, maiden, and press
You firmly to my breast
Which at the very last,
Only at death, will let you go-
Then is my enraptured gaze
Overshadowed by a somber cloud,
And I sit, then weary,
But blissful, beside you.
Johann Georg Jacobi

Lied Maritime/To the Sea
Far away, into the sea, the sun goes down,
And the sea is calm without a ripple;
The varicolored waves spread without sound,
Caressing the darkened shore.
Your eyes, your treacherous eyes are closed,
And heart is tranquil like the sea.
Far away, on the sea, the storm has risen,
And the sea is tumultuous and foaming;
The waves gloriously rear up to the sky,
And break crashing into the abyss.
Your eyes, your treacherous eyes, so gentle,
Gaze at me to the depth of my soul,
And my tortured heart,
Exalts and breaks like the sea!

Madrigal/Madrigal
No one had ever lovelier features,
A whiter neck, more silken hair;
No one had ever a nicer waist,
No one besides my Lady of the gentle eyes!
No one had ever lips so smiling,
Which smiling make the heart more glad,
A chaster bosom under filmy bodice,
No one besides my Lady of the gentle eyes!
No one had ever voice of sweeter meaning,
White little teeth like shining pearls:
No one was ever lovelier to the sight,
No one besides my Lady of the gentle eyes,
My lady of the gentle eyes!

La Maja de Goya/The Maja of Goya
I will never forget in my life
The distinguished and beloved image of Goya.
There is not a woman, or maja(woman of Madrid), or lady
Who does not miss Goya now.
If found one who would love me
As he loved me,
I should not covet, no, nor desire
Greater fortune or happiness.

La Maja Dolorosa/The sorrowful Maja
Oh, majo of my life, no, no, you have not died!
Would I still be alive if that were true?
Wildly I desire to kiss your lips!
I want in faithfulness to share your destiny!
But oh! I am raving, I dream, my majo no longer exsits,
The world about me is weeping and sad,
I find no consolation in my sorrow,
But even dead and cold
My majo will always be mine. Oh! Always mine!

La Maja Dolorosa/The sorrowful Maja
Of that beloved who was my glory
I cherish a happy memory.
He loved me ardently and truly
And gave my whole life to him,
And I would give it again a thousand times,
If desired it,
For when feelings are profound,
Torments are sweet.
And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back
Of a time gone by.
Neither in the Mentidero nor the Florida
Was a majo more handsome ever seen to stroll.
Beneath the broad-brimmed hat I saw his eyes
Fixed upon me passionately,
For they caressed the one on whom they rested,
In all the world I have never seen
A more piercing look
And as I think of my beloved majo,
Dreams come back
Of a time gone by.

El Tra La La y el punteado/The tra la la and Guitar-strum
It is useless, my majo,
For you persist,
For there are some things which I answer
Always with a song.
No matter how much you question,
You will not distress me,
I will not end my song.

Der Weiberorden/The Women's Order
Arie/Aria
Thou Palable women's order, I enter thee with joy and glee.
Away, away, thou hateful virgin's order which gives us neither strength, nor plea away, away, away, away, which gives us neither strength, nor plea. Yet as thou art removed from me I feel so comfortably free.

Rezitativ/Recitative
Now I can please myself without a shame, by my dear husband lie, sleep in my darling's arms,a nd need not be afraid of any blame. It would be more than fine: if after not too long a time a bonnie sonnie would be mine. It were enough to drive, to drive me made with joy, oh, then I want to spring and at the cradle sing:

Wiegenlied/Cradle Song
Sleep thou darling sonnie mine, thy father is so nice and find, thy mother keeps so chaste her line, that ought to give thee joy in time. Popeia, popeia(lullaby)
Sleep thou darling sonnie mine, thou must not so disgraceful whine, or else I call thee little swine and spank thee with a rod of twine. Popeia, popeia.
Sleep thou darling sonnie mine, another year may pass and shine on two of you, oh babies mine, if a wee sister becomes thine. Popeia, popeia.

Rezitativ/Recitative
Ye virgins, follow me, sell quickly all you can by taking every man. You do no know how sweet it is when you a darling sweetheart kiss. It's tasting oh so hot and think like pork and sauerkraut, where-at you all you fingers lick.

Arie/Aria
Oh, how would you laugh with pleasure, if you were to wed your treasure. Think but how it would be ripping when one heart to heart were ticking, if a kiss the watchword be when he spends the time with thee in a fascinating measure.